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VOL. 7. NO. 161.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, May 9, 1863.

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VANITY FAIR, believing that it is the duty of the patriot to forego every other consideration for the time being, and to strike at the heart of this rebellion until it is thoroughly crushed, will lend its humble aid to sustain the Government in this necessary work, and at the same time pay attention to our enemies without, making the paper in every particular THOROUGHLY NATIONAL.

No. 160, for May 1st, will be ready for delivery on the 24th April, and orders may be sent to any of the New-York Newsmen, or direct to this office.

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Conducted by men who are familiar with the political history of the country, who know what the public wants, it is not to be wondered at that the political illustrations of VANITY FAIR have surpassed all of our contemporaries in design, effect, and sarcastic humor. Our Engravings can be found nowhere else. In every respect they are strictly original, not transfers from PUNCH or other foreign papers, nor reproductions for the tenth time from old blocks, made to do duty under new titles, or, when original, engraved by unskillful, cheap workmen, but every one is the creation of a superior artist for the special number in which it appears, engraved by first-class artists, AND IS NEVER USED THE SECOND TIME ON THE PAPER.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE WATER-CURE.

AT THE WATER-CURE, EVEN THE SEVEREST SYMPTOMS ARE A SUBJECT OF CONGRATULATION FROM THE PHYSICIAN, WHO IS HERE FELICITATING UNCLE LIJAH UPON AN ACCESSION OF THE MOST INTENSE NEURALGIC SPASMS.

Sartorial.

Q. OF what tree is one reminded when looking at a tailor's open hand?

A. The Cabbage Palm.

"Tu Be Sure!"

"WON'T these Pneumatic Dispatch Tubes raise CAIN when we get them here, in New-York?" remarked VALENTINE to ORSON, as they brushed away the early dew in the back-yard of the club.

"TUBAL CAIN, perhaps," replied ORSON, with a stern emphasis on the Tube.

THE WAY EUROPEAN AFFAIRS ARE STIRRED UP JUST NOW.—With Poles.

Excelsior.

THERE seems to be great unanimity among the various trades of New-York in urging upon their employers the necessity of giving them higher rates.

This is but reasonable. The laborer is worthy of his Higher.

COMPARATIVE RELAXATION FROM THE DIN OF BUSINESS.—Dinner.

Sand-Blind.

IT appears that some of the Confederate mortar-shells fired from Fort Sumter were charged with sand—at which a daily journalist expressed great surprise. The idea of a daily journalist not knowing that sand is always mixed up with mortar!

"I THINK I SHALL SOON GET ROUND AGAIN," as the collapsed balloon remarked when it began to inhale the balmy gas.

SONG OF THE COPPERHEAD.

THERE was glorious news, for our arms were victorious—
'Twas sometime ago—and 'twas somewhere out West;
The big guns were booming—the boys getting glorious;
But one man was gloomy, and glad all the rest!
Intending emotions delightful to damp,
He hum'd and he haw'd, and he sneer'd and he sigh'd—
A snake in the grass, and a spy in the camp,
While the honest were laughing, the Copperhead cried!

There was news of a battle, and sad souls were aching
The fate of their brave and beloved ones to learn;
Pale wives stood all tearless, their tender hearts breaking
For the gallant, good man who would never return!
We had lost all but honor—so ran the sad story,—
Oh! bitter the cup that the Patriot quaffed!
He had tears for our flag—he had sighs for our glory—
He had groans for our dead—but the Copperhead laughed!

The traitor! the sneak! say, what fate shall await him,
Who forgets his fair land, and who spits on her fame?
Let no woman love him! Let honest men hate him!
Let his children refuse to be known by his name!
In the hour of our sorrow all recreant we found him—
In the hour of his woe may he sigh for a friend!
Let his conscience upbraid—let his memory hound him,
And no man take note of the Copperhead's end!

"Jack-a-Dandy."

SEVERAL correspondents inquire whether we can give them any information with regard to the Pilot Knob, who he is, and what.

We cannot make any positive statement in the matter; but it seems reasonable to suppose that when the Pilot Knob is afloat there must be a Swell on the sea.

A COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

"AFTER a six weeks' sleep in the grave, the comic paper, VANITY FAIR, has undergone the process of resurrection; but whether its new lease of life is to be long or short, must depend, I fancy, upon the stock of 'greenbacks' the proprietors have laid up rather than upon the wit or fun in its columns. The latter, at best, has ever been, with occasional exceptions, the commonest sort of stuff, and that fact is a sufficient answer to the wonder people sometimes express why New-York cannot, or will not, support a first-class comic paper."

We cut the above from the New-York letter of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, of 24th April. Considering that the *Inquirer* was the only daily paper in Philadelphia, in which we did not advertise our reissue, it certainly is very kind in its publisher to give us such an excellent notice. Supposing, however, that the N. Y. correspondence of the *Inquirer* is actually written in New-York, the notice in question may be attributed to the kindness of some one of the numerous literary geniuses here who favor us constantly with their contributions, which are invariably rejected. In either case, however, we are extremely obliged to the *Inquirer* men, and hope they will continue to flatter us with their kind recommendations.

IN THE CLOUDS.

SOME six weeks ago, the following announcement was commended to our notice by a prominent Copperhead of this city: we didn't "see it" much, then, but it speaks for itself, now:

"We are to have peace on April 23d, 1863, if there is any virtue in dreams. A member of Hawkins' Zouaves, and an artilleryman at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, have both dreamed during the last few weeks that they had seen a scroll in the sky bearing the works: 'Peace, April 23d, 1863.'"

The prominent Copperhead above alluded to, will excuse us for remarking that the sky in which that wonderful "scroll" made its appearance, was foreshadowed, years ago, by COLERIDGE, when he wrote the line—

"All in a hot and Copper sky."

XUM

Ethan Spike on the Peace Democrats.

HORNBY, May 2d, 1863.

ISRIL PEABODY calls me a runnygade—says I've boxed the perlitikal cumpusses a good deal more'n Cap'n Cook boxed em sailin raound the airth—that I don't belong nowheres in-pertikeler—an thaint even gained a resident there. Them's ISRIL's opinion, but they's of no account. He's a nasty, pison federalist—thinks a nigger is a human critter right in the teeth of one of aour taown statootes, wich declares him to be a monkey—more or less—an' injoins all well-disposed citizens to act accordinly. Isril lies when he calls me a runnygade.

Toe be sure I've kinder gravitated some, but I've oliers bin a consistent dimercrat—as I understand the tarm—when there's anything to be made by it. Ef I've bin off the platfirm naow an agin, I've oliers hung on to the kaowketcher, an whenever I've bin wanted to fill any offis of trust an emolyment—I think even Isril won't deny that the supply hes oliers equalled the demand.

So much for that base slander.

In this connection allow me to say to one an all—Beware of slander—Tis the green-eyed monster wich duth feed on meet. Likewise he who steals a puss filches a good name wich is also trash.

Moreover, Isril calls me a Copperhead! Toe wich I replies to Isril—in the language of Patrick Henry—WHO DENIGES OF IT? Wot's in a name? Ef you call a rose skunk kabbidge—wot then? Dus its auriferous fragmence ewaperate in consequence? Not's you nose on. I'm a *Peice* Dimercrat—that's jest abaout what I am, which is also my nater—though by reason of be[ing] a Past Perpetooal Grand of the Order of Golden Fleas—I mig[ht] justly claim to be at least two Peices. Ef that is treason—hea[r] but strike me.

Wot of aour principles, wot aour a[im]s? Aour order here has bin formed only two weeks an we haven[t] got any principles yet. Mr. Villindigham—which is Grand High [Ma]gest—also Hiram—is goin to send us some soon—though he ses[s] the orders is so numerous he's afeard they wont be enough to go r[ound]; but ef we kin get one good sized principle, we kin make it [do] for the present.

As to aour aims, the follerin from t[he] records of aour last meetin will show:

[MO]NDAY EVE'G, 28th April.

Met pursnant to adjournment in P[ri]vicious Pilsbry's derry suller. President on the churn. Records o[f] last meetin hevin bin kept in chawk on a bench was inordible o[n] account of spilt milk—wich obviated the impossibility of readin[g] an they was accordinly dispensed by a ty vote—affirmative 2, n[e]gative 1, the President throwin a castin vote.

The President hed gret pleasure [in] introdoocin toe the meetin its distinguished guest the Hon. Judas Jinkins of Jarsey, then providentially with us. He would take t[his] occasion to say that no man desarved better of the order than I. Jinkins—hevin bin once imprisoned an twice publicly lickt for [ad]vocatin aour principles, an was jest as prime a Marter as Cain, [Ab]le, an John Rogers.

"Bully for Jinkins," interupted L[ieu]tenant Libby of the Falancks.

By the Churn—"Dus the Churn [un]derstand the honorable Copperhed as puttin a motion?"

"It dus," says the Leftenant.

Churn—"As many as goes for t[his] triboot will stan an rise till they is caounted."

I ris. "Will the Cheer——"

"There's no cheer here," struck i[n] the Leftenant, "it's a Churn."

"Beg parding," says I, "will the [C]hurn allaow me to suggest with the honerable mover's consent an a[me]ndment thus—'Also bully for Cain, Able, an John Rogers.' Will [th]e honorable gent consent?"

The Hon. Gent would not consent [un]less he wouid take this occasion to say he'd "see me darned fust."

I sprung to my feet. "Mr. Chairmin," says I, "the honorable Copperhed whos jest spoke hes taken one degree above aour Order. He's a blockhed; he's an all——" I heerd cries of order, order! then all was blank. I wus squelched by my hat bein druv daown onto my shoulders.

When at last I worked my face into daylight agin *through* the craown of the hat, order rained in Worsor. A kompermise resolution hed bin passed, leavin aout Able an Rogers, an the vote stood on the records thus:

"*Bully for Jinkins—bully for C[ain].*"

I tried to hev my vote in the negative recorded on the graound of onavoidable absence, but the Churn remarked that he didn't feel warranted in regardin a temporary squelchment in one's own hat as anything more'n a partial obscuration or moral eklips, so to speak, caused by the interwention of furrin digits, wich is by no means onavoidable absence. He then annonunced that the Hon. Jinkins would perseed to spread himself some afor the meetin.

Jinkins ris an we cheered; he [bl]ew his nose an we cheered agin. Says Jinkins, says he: "I've bin called a trater! Gentlemen look at me. Do I look like a trater?" Here we all sot in an stared at him till he axed agin: "Do I look like a trater?" Whereupon the President, arter whisperin with each of us, replied that it war the sense of this meetin *that it didn't know.*

"My friends," continered Jinkins, "wot is a trater?" Another pause. "Wot, I say," roared Jinkins lookin sharp at the Churn, "wot is a trater?" The Churn feelin itself personally appealed to—was a good deal flambergasted—unhesitatingly replied, "One wich *trates*, of course," though wot kinder bisness that is he was blessed ef he knew, "Taint," said the Churn brightening up, "taint makin Jarsey lightnin, is it?"

"No taint," says Jinkins, "nor taint makin cattywampshus thickheaded fools nyther." said he.

The Churn riled, but the speaker explaining that he only used the term cattywampshus in a Copperhed sense, it settled agin.

Jinkins in continueratun—"I'll tell you whomsoever is a trater—it's whomsoever gives aid and comfort to this unholy war wich is bein fit agin our wayward Sistering—that's what's the matter—an kiverin aour fields with goar! Wot am I called a trater for? Wot? Tell it not in Gathsheba, publish it not in Emaskylon; but here in this holy brotherhood of Golden Fleas, let a numble flea whisper in your ear—tis because I sympathize some with that goar, but principally because I ditto with wayward sistering. Why shouldn't I sympathise with the gentle waywards? They don't want anything onreasonable. All the dear critters want is to hev their own way, an they'd hev the milenium sot up in three years. All Republicans and fitin dimercrats, wich is wun, would be cleaned aout, while the true dimocracy, wich is manifestly the Nights of the Golden Fleas, shall be established. The interestin waywords is pinin to press us to their bussums, the buzzard longs to shake hands with the Northern Eagle as soon as we kin reskoo that glorious but sufferin faowl from the Washinton usurpers. Then shall it kim to pass that all the offises of wich aour people was robbed by Lincoln and his mermaidens, an for the want of wich we've bin cryin aout in the cold for two years, shall kim back to their lineal an illegitimate owners. Then every genoowine onadulterated flea—wich is us—shall set under a fig and a vine each hevin his tumbler an straw, with niggers an federalists diggin in the distance. A gret an glorious people, feared and detested by all the rest of creation, wot a destiny is aours!"

The Churn was so affected by the touchin allusion to the tumbler an straw that it involuntarily squealed, and as soon as the speaker sot down, moved an adjournment for fifteen minits to enable members to visit the tavern for necessary purposes.

The meetin didn't meet agin that night, as the President and Jinkins took so many *necessary purposes* that they kim to blows abaout who should hev the Portland Collector-ship, an the former went hum on a shutter.

A true copy of the records,
Attest, ETHAN SPIKE.

THE CHINESE "CARABAS."

WHEN "PUSS IN BOOTS" resolved to cap
His master with a wealthy marriage,
He put him with a rich old chap—
The lady's Father—in a carriage;
Then, on each route o'er which did pass
The coach, PUSS made—by timely "tipping"—
The natives swear LORD CARABAS
Owned all the castles, lands, and shipping!

That shrewd Grimalkin long is dumb,
Nor left he an authentic kitten!
His artful dodge hath thus become
The dodge of one JOHN BULL of Britain!
For, as the mythic fortune, he,
Of CARABAS, was the designer;
So war-ships, now, doth sly J. B.
Build for the—"EMPEROR OF CHINA!"

U.S.N.

A FLY TRAP.

IT is reported that GEORGE LAW, in his anxiety for the accommodation of the public (?) has commenced operations on the Broadway Railroad by making a "regular spider's web of Whitehall Slip." In this we seem to discern a recognition by Mr. LAW of the saying that "there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip," for his hurry to secure the Whitehall one indicates that he doesn't feel the ground quite safe under his feet with regard to the scheme. The Law, to be sure, has long been considered as a spider's web—in which case it may be assumed that the report has arisen from the fact that GEORGE is laying *himself* out upon Whitehall Slip, with his mouth open, for the purpose of catching the innocent flies.

A LITTLE MORE HEMP, GEN. BLUNT!

HERE has been a great deal too much fooling in this war! It is all very well to feed our Rebel Prisoners until their rascally eyes stick out with fatness and their insubordinate abdomens do likewise bulge; it is all very well to receive the parole of Thieves, Liars, and Assassins; it is all very well for our Public Officers to muddle their minute brains over the abstract rights of Belligerents—but the question which VANITY FAIR has to ask, with its hand upon the proper side of its vest, is: Why is Hemp sown, and grown, and garnered, and heckled, and spun, and twisted? Is it any secret what you can do with a rope if you try? Has it ever been pretended that the Guer-Gorilla had not cervical vertebræ—admirably calculated for dislocation by the simple method which our Beloved Fathers practiced? Copperheads may trow that it has, but truly we trow t'other way. The proper treatment of a Guerrilla of Distinction is Extinction—Mr. Ketch is the surgeon for the mania of the marauding murderer. A man who has been hanged cuts no more innocent throats; he burns no more honest men's barns; he harries no more the herds of the honest; he is guilty of no more nameless nuisances; for when he has given his final kick, he is completely cured of such eccentricities. Mercy to miscreants is misery to the leal and true. It merely means more massacres, more arsons, more cattle-stealing, more shame, and sorrow, and suffering. We are for Peace when it doesn't mean Pusillanimity. We are opposed to the Death Penalty, but only as we are opposed to sawing off legs for the purpose of recreation. We like an Olive Branch hugely, but only when it has not been grafted upon the Bohan-Upas of Treason.

Holding these sentiments, we respectfully extend our Dexter Bunch of Fives to sharp General BLUNT, who writes to Colonel LYNDE, that, in his opinion, the Missouri Guerrillas are entitled upon capture to the earliest attention of that admirable practitioner, the Provost-Marshal. Colonel LYNDE is particularly admonished to suspend beyond resumption, sundry gentlemen who, from their Black Hearts, are called Red Legs; all lawless Bands generally are to be considered as playing particularly out of Time and Tune; and each member of them who is taken will be required to execute only one more *pas seul* in this world, and even that, too, without the aid of music. This 'order, we fancy, will transmogrify the Red Legs into Blue Faces; and finally into Black Ones. Hereafter, may we be permitted to announce that wherever they have turned Up they have been Turned Off!

Brought to Scale.

IN a daily paper report of certain proceedings at Albany respecting the Broadway Railroad Bill, the following paragraph occurs:

"At the hour of 10 this morning, at which time the subpœnas required the gentlemen to whom they were addressed, to be present, the Police Court, which is over the Fish Market, and therefore perfectly redolent of a very villainous smell, was illuminated by the presence of Mr. LAW and several others."

Considering the bad odor into which Mr. GEORGE LAW has brought himself by his Ferry and Horse-car speculations, is it quite certain that the "very villainous smell" referred to in the above ought to be attributed to the Fish Market, alone? That there was a certain amount of poetical fitness in the locality graced by the presence of Mr. LAW and "several others," we freely admit, considering as well the scaly character of their job as the fact of its now being a thing completely *fini*.

FRUITS OF BALLOONING.—Currents in the upper air.

For Players Only.

"I wish these railroad-car seats were like good Caroms," said X. to the Billiard Sharp, one night, while travelling.

"Why so?"

"Because then, you know, they couldn't have been made without Cushions!"

Reflection, by a Musical Man.

"TAKING gin and bitters for one's health, is like changing the key to the fourth above ....your Tonic always becomes your Dominant!"

UNCLE SAMUEL

SINGETH

Unto Earl Russell,

TO THE AIR OF

"John Anderson, My Jo."

I.

LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your voice warn't much to speak of, John,
In Britain's Parliament;
But now that you're an EARL, John,
'Tis marvel how you crow!
"Little but loud, like Sambo's fowl,
LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo!

II.

LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo, John,
You've climbed the hills of power,
And on its slippery top, John,
Now "strut your little hour."
Soon you "maun" travel down, John:
Bethink you, ere you go,
What cheer will wait you at the foot,
LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo!

III.

LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo, John,
A fool's advice, they say,
Is sometimes worth a "*plack*," John,
So e'en take mine to-day!
For ENGLAND'S honor pledged, John,
A decent conscience show,
And don't go back on UNCLE SAM,
LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo!

IV.

LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo, John,
The French a proverb quote,
Which *apropos* of Us, John,
You will do well to note!
'Tis this: "The man is *daft*, (John,)
Who does not better know,
Than to clap thumb 'twixt bark and tree,"
LORD JOHN RUSSÉLL, my jo!

Counter Movements.

THE latest war news is that "a Rebel force is moving in such a way as to threaten Wheeling."

Very good, and what of that? Let a Federal force at once move in such a way as to threaten Charging, and the rebs will be outflanked.

The Right Sort of Schoolin'.

UPON reading of General WEITZEL'S recent successful advance in Louisiana, SOMEBODY remarked that "the General must have been, at some former period, a stern schoolmaster."

Being asked "Why?" by SOMEBODY ELSE, S. replied: "Because General BANKS, having sent him ahead to TECHE, he gave the Rebels a very severe lesson, immediately!"

Reductio ad Absurdum.

"Oh," sighed ARABELLA, "I do think the Trains they wear now are lovely!"

"Yes, yes, poor unhappy things!" said the Lodger sympathetically.

"What do you mean?" asked the maiden.

"Why," responded the Lodger, "I haven't seen one yet that wasn't Worn to a Skeleton!"

Old Mr. Moneygrub has been so nervous ever since his visit to the Dog Show at Barnum's, that he relates how he was attacked, on his way home, by a gigantic Siberian Bloodhound, and doesn't know how on earth he managed to escape. The above sketch represents the circumstance as it actually happened.

A Lesson from Ornithology.

THE Woodpecker is continually apping the trees, and yet he never obtains any maple sugar out of them. Silly bird! wherefore sipst thou not out of the sap-troughs?

And so it is with many men, who foolishly persist in hammering their own brains out of which they never extract the smallest drop of sap, when, if they only availed themselves of ours, they would collect fabulous quantities of the very best quality of that article—*verbum sap.*

A MAN WHO ONLY DOES HIS WORK BY HALVES.—The Oyster-opener.

A Cruel Conundrum.

Q. WHY are several young ladies going in a wagon to a country ball, with no end of baggage, like trees?

A. Because their hearts are in their trunk.

A Spotted Man.

AMONG the blockade runners lately destroyed in attempting to run into Charleston Harbor, we find one set down as the steamer *Stonewall Jackson*, late *Leopard.*

From this it would appear that Stonewall JACKSON, formerly a leopard, has had the "spots knocked off him" at last.

THE BULK OF THE REBEL ARMY.—ALFRED PIK, and HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

Foregone Conclusion.

JENKS says it was naturally to be expected that Colonel BRYANT would thrash the Rebels, when he left Memphis the other day, as the "Butternut Chivalry" never have fought well on Coldwater!

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

NO. II.

AIR—*The Red, White, and Blue* (*particularly the Blue.*)

The bugles of Battle are sounding,
They trouble the sleep of the just,
Who start at the clamor astounding
And groan as they snuff up the dust.
Our soldiers—of every complexion—
Are hastening, to slaughter like sheep
Their wild, inoffensive connexion,
(If that phrase isn't too steep!)

"Pray, let us alone!" once they panted—
"Believe us, we ask nothing more!"
Had this little favor been granted
We'd have nothing now to deplore.
As for the two years departed!—
Ah, why not have let 'em alone?
From the time when their project first started
They took only what was their own!

We shouldn't have sent one present
To Anderson, there in the fort;
At least, we might have been pleasant,
And said we were only in sport!
We shouldn't have called out our legions,
We shouldn't have offered to fight;
When they said "Let us have our regions,"
We ought to have answered, "All right!"

Now see where our conduct has brought us;
Our money was long ago spent;
La Fayette and Fort Warren have taught us
Our liberties ain't worth a cent!

The glorious Constitution
(As we have repeatedly said)
Has suffered no end of pollution—
In short, all our virtues are dead!

Not Copperhead virtues, however,
For those are a different thing!
A genuine Copperhead never
Loses his honest old sting!
The enemy wouldn't embrace him;
His friends got up a great scare,—
They went and tried to disgrace him;
And now, let the rascals beware!

DON'T DO IT!

A FRENCH advertisement in one of the morning papers calls for a *bonne*, adding that preference will be given to a "young person who can dress hair and who wears bonnets."

Now, so far as dressing hair goes, it may be all very well for a French children's maid to possess that accomplishment, but we must protest against the removal from our fashionable avenues of that picturesque feature by which they are now adorned—the neat little white-capped French maids. The sweet Milesian accent of some of these graceful young persons is perfectly Parisian as long as they wear the ravishing white caps; but, only think of a French *bonne* in an American bonnet and an Irish brogue! Humanity revolts at the idea.

A Pathetic Appeal.

AN enterprising establishment in this city, having brought out a Magic Pocket-book, a Poor Young Man wishes us to offer a Reward of five cents (Postal currency) for something Magical to put into it. "What's the Book," he pathetically asks, "without Bowels?"

The Repudiation of Aminadab Sleek.

Jonathan, (*To Fernando Wood*).—YOUR PEACE PREACHIN' DON'T SEEM TO AGREE WITH MISS COLUMBIA'S TURN OF MIND, IT DON'T. NO, SIRREE! AND EF YOU DON'T WANT TO RILE MY FINE TEMPER, YOU'D BEST DRY UP, JUST, AND WALK YOUR CHALKS!"

PITY THE POOR REBELS.

SHOCKING stories come to us very frequently, now, of the way in which the poor "white trash" at the South is misused by its rulers. The *Raleigh Progress*, for instance, contains the following recital, part of which is mysterious:

"At the cargo sale at Wilmington last week, things went on swimmingly until the sale was about to close, when a squad of men with muskets appeared at the door and demanded that all men under forty show their 'papers.' About half a regiment, more or less, failed to produce their 'protection,' and were marched off by the guard.

"We learn that two or three were taken off the cars yesterday by order of the commandant of conscripts, some of whom, after examination, were released, and others retained.

"We would have no man deprived of his liberty without just cause, but we verily believe that speculators and extortioners will conquer the Government and betray the cause of the South if not speedily put down."

The "cause of the South," according to the above, would appear to be in a pretty bad way. "Your papers or your life," to every man-jack under forty, must render a residence at the South, just now, rather a bore to persons of nervous temperaments; and, for our own part, we incline to think that Coney Island will be a nicer resort to recruit in during the coming summer than Wilmington, although the *Progress* avers that things sometimes "go off swimmingly" at the latter place, as they certainly do at the former.

What is the hidden meaning in the allusion to "speculators and extortioners" in the above quoted paragraphs? Unaccustomed as we are to everything like speculators and extortioners in these pure latitudes of ours, we shudder to think that the Southern rebel is exposed to the wiles of such; though, at the same time, we are somewhat puzzled to imagine what there is to speculate in or extort among people who are chalking the ghastly words, "WE ARE STARVING," all over the dead wall built up by them between North and South. Altogether, the chain appears to be tightening upon the rebel joints, round which it is already coiled so closely, that we have only to put a Link On to it now, and then drive in the Bolt of Secession.

Reflection, by a Literal Man.

THE thief who rolls in his coupé is no more nor less honorable than the one who takes a three-cent stage: "*Falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus!*"

Arms for Captain Semmes.

FURNISHED by England—the Armstrong; furnished by America—the Yard Arm.

Convivio-Legal.

WHY is JAMES T. BRADY like a Red Glass Bottle?

Because, he is an ornament to the Bar!

Cause of Blindness of the Southern Politician.

HE has a Caste in his eye.

Interesting to Vintners.

"COME, now, no more of that!" said ORSON to VALENTINE, as the latter was dilating upon the pedigree of a magnum of claret just uncorked by him—"take my word for it that good wine needs no Bosh."

Even Sew!

THE Merchant-Tailors of Manchester, England, have got up an address of condolence with oppressed Poland.

That's right. The Needle has ever been true to the Pole.

Not exactly a Pussy-cat.

AN English paper says that "Russia has ever watched Poland as a cat watches a mouse"—which prompts us to exclaim that if the (Pole) cat were away wouldn't the mice play!

A LIFTING OF THE VEIL.

PEEP THE FIRST.

EVERYBODY knows, believes, suspects, or fancies that there is a grand SECRET COPPERHEAD ASSOCIATION, with all the signs, passwords, grips, and other mysterious paraphernalia of similar organizations.

Well, we don't mind owning that there is!

The reason we don't mind owning it is, that we are rather proud of having found it out.

What a row there'd be, though, if the S. C. A. should find out how we found them out, and who "we" were? Whew!

(By-the-by, the initials of the "SECRET COPPERHEAD ASSOCIATION" are the same as those of the Rebel Government. Curious coincidence, isn't it?)

Bah! who's afraid!

The headquarters of the S. C. A. are in Philadelphia.

A *quasi*-diplomatic person, who, having once been sent to Shang-hai, was observed after his return, to hang shy upon the verge of politics for a pretty long time—is the great (local) Panjandrum.

The species of joke expressed by the reversion of a word as above, is peculiarly symbolic of the vane character of this ex-*quasi* Dip's political inspirations.

Another Great Spirit in the S. C. A. is a strange being, of whom Mr. Barnum might perhaps make a new sensation, by exhibiting him under the apt title of The WHAT-YOU-MCCALL-IT.

There is a third, "a man of inches this!" whose ancestral name hath a goodly sound. He hath been a Champion and a Martyr! He is as innocent of fear as of shirt-collar! Among the admirers of his chivalric spirit (and they are legion, or maybe two or three less,) he is familiarly known as "The Man who challenged Naylor!"

A fourth there is—a gentleman of jaw,
Learned in the bloodless science of the Law;
A gifted scion of a civic tree,
Yet, though a staunch "Peace Copperhead" is he,
Who never tented field or saw, or fought on,
His very children swell the ranks of W(H)AR-TON!

Every one who knows us, knows, that even had we a heart for falsehood framed, (which we haven't any such a thing about us,) we ne'er could injure any person maliciously.

Therefore, when we add, that to the best of our knowledge and belief, the other inferior functionaries of the Philadelphia S. C. A. are, in general, such very small, slippery, and comparatively fangless specimens of the genus "Copperhead," as to be unworthy of special description, we sincerely trust that they will not think themselves insulted by being left to the imagination of the Reader!

In our next "Peep"—if we get one—we hope to give a few illustrations of the signs, grips, etc., of the S. C. A., with other irrelevant remarks.

Yours, pretermittently,

NIPSEY.

Tartaric Acid.

AMONG the appointments made by the Prince of Wales, now that His Royal Highness has set up an establishment of his own, is that of a Surgeon Dentist. There is a political significance in this. England has long been troubled with difficulties in China, and it was doubtless with a view to the eradication of the Tartar that the heir apparent to the British throne made the appointment referred to.

A Flaw in the Comparative Degree.

THE comparative degree does not invariably express things that are "more so." For example, Olive Green is a color much used by landscape-painters for verdure, and yet we have heard of an OLIVER GREEN who had red hair and an under-done-corned-pork complexion.

THE "WAYWARD SISTERS" DOWN SOUTH

REBEL papers are teeming with reports of the riotous doings of the Southern Female, who, as we foretold in our last number, has carried the idea of bread-riots beyond the range of cereals and into the region of dry-goods. The following bit from a Southern paper gives a lively general impression of the Southern Female on the rampage:

"The Atlanta (Ga.) *Confederacy* announces that there was a women's riot at Milledgeville, in that State, on the 10th inst. There were about three hundred women engaged, many of them well clothed, 'and some of them elegantly clad,' says the *Confederacy's* correspondent. They pitched into the dry-goods store of Mr. Gans, a Jew, and seized his fine goods. After a frightful flurry the delicate creatures were dispersed by an eloquent appeal from Judge Harris, of the Superior Court. The correspondent says the women 'didn't want anything but the fine things.'"

We can hardly conceive anything more appalling than a charge of three hundred rebellious females, hooped with steel, armed with sharp tongues, and determined to wreak their will upon a fellow's dry-goods, or perish in the attempt. The only safety for such an unfortunate dry-goods person as "Mr. Gans, a Jew," would probably arise from the certainty of the Southern females fighting among themselves for the "fine things" so indispensable to their maintenance. The whole fray, indeed, considering its elements, would naturally resolve itself into a bonnet-box—that is, in a pugilistic, not modistic, sense. Thus, a diversion being created in favor of the dry-goods man while one half of the Southern females is contending with the other half in wild rushes over a box of *ruches*, the proprietor might be enabled to call in the police and quell the row.

Does not this present a suggestiom of the final result to which we are tending? When bacon and boots grow a little scarcer at the South than they now are, Secessia will split upon the food question, and the row will be over—unless General HOOKER anticipates General STARVATION, and carries the revolted bacon back to Uncle Sam by a salt.

Oh, Pshaw!

THE children were all going to the menagerie.

"Now then, my little dears," said X., in an off-hand but paternal style, "if you see the King of Beasts, give him my compliments, but be sure you don't mention the Days of the Week to him."

Ten round eyes opened wide, and five small voices chorussed, "Why?"

"Because," said the incorrigible, "there is no day of the week that you ought to tell a Lie-on!"

The Difference.

THE great difference between the Army and the Contractors is, that the former have a Mission to accomplish, and the latter a Commission.

SPRING.

BY A FAIR-WEATHER BIRD.

"HAIL gentle Spring! Etherial mildness, come!"
Thus THOMSON sang in verse;
'Tis very strange, this difference that some
Can find 'twixt tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum;
I can't tell which is worse,
The winter or this wintry Spring-time weather;
Especially when, with a taste perverse,
Both come together!

"Hail gentle spring!" but can you tell me, now,
If not too bold,
Why "gentle," when it looks so much like snow,
And is so very cold!
When inky clouds keep Phœbus dim and shady
In watery eclipse,
When sudden showers spoil a fellow's cady,
And a Northeaster, like an angry lady,
Howls, snarls, and nips!

In vain I turn to seek some butterfly,
Some bee, or some bug;
But failing, am convinced, 'twixt you and I,
That bees and bugs and Spring's unclouded sky
Are simple humbug!
O THOMSON! you a donkey were, or surely
You had not cared to sing
What must have been poetic license purely,
The mild etherial Spring....
Because....I say it humbly and demurely....
There's no such thing.

We have *some* fair days; so we do in Winter,
But unexpected rain
May ruin that sweet hat of ARAMINTA,
That cloak of SARAH JANE:
Their heads are daily sprinkled, daily dusted,
Till glossiest locks look dull and dry and rusted,
In curl and bandeau;
This gentle Spring-time can no more be trusted
Than our FERNANDO!

JUSTICE TO OUR CHARACTER.

DEAR VANITY: I have made a discovery! I have discovered that the *Express*, which, under the head of "Scraps from funny papers," "Facetiæ," and the like, used to quote largely from you, was only making "strenuous and sincere efforts" to "believe that a really witty, humorous, funny paper can be made to succeed in this city." It concludes that such a paper hasn't the ghost of a chance, as you will see by the following extract from an article in a late number:

"John Brougham, with some very clever young men, writers and artists, about him, (most, if not all of whom, were Englishmen or Irishmen.) tried it in several shapes, and under several denominations, and through several years, but the efforts were all *ignes fatui*, Jack-o-lanterns, too bright to last, too smart to live."

"If Brougham & Co. [being Englishmen or Irishmen] could not succeed," asks the *Express*, "what hope have we"—being only Americans?

But do not be cast down, my fine fellows. *The Express thinks you ain't funny*, any more. He says that out of the whole of your late "one-and-forty endeavors," he can find only one worth copying—the other forty being a sort of Forty Thieves in masks, coming out with the design of stealing the applause of the public. So you have a splendid chance. For my part, I confess to have grinned a good deal over your last; but as I have discovered there was nothing to laugh at, I feel quite ashamed of myself. *I shall never laugh at you again.* I shall thus contribute my mite towards your worldly success, in which, as your sincere friend, I shall duly rejoice.

Yours, Old Boy, *seriously*,
LAWRENCE BOYTHORN.

Ungallant Conduct.

IT seems that Miss HARRIET HOSMER, the sculptress, has been signalizing herself, lately, by riding a steeple-chase on the Campagna, near Rome, against an English sportsman, named SPIER, who was so ungallant as to win the race.

The only possible excuse for the sportsman is, that he did not want to be Chiseled by the sculptress.

AUTOGRAPHOMANIE.

A curious illustration of the insane desire to possess autographs of eminent persons has just been witnessed in one of our Police courts. The facts are as follows, but we are not at liberty to give the names of the parties, as our reporter was cautioned to be reticent on that subject, owing to the high social position enjoyed by them.

Mrs. B——, a lady noted for her great beauty, sagacity, and love of album literature, was arrested a day or two since by Detective Weazel, on the charge of having mutilated a number of shirts, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other articles, the property of a veteran general officer, who has lately been suffering from a combined attack of rheumatism and autographomania. It appeared in evidence before the Police Magistrate that Mrs. B., having experienced a series of reverses in her attempts to obtain a specimen of the handwriting of the distinguished soldier alluded to, determined to change the base of her operations and carry the war into Africa. With this view she threw herself upon the trail of the respectable colored woman who does the General's washing, followed her stealthily through the wilderness known as the old Greenwich district of the city, and ultimately earthed her in a court at the end of a narrow alley branching off from Washington street. Having gained the confidence of the washerwoman by a liberal application of greenback government soap, Mrs. B., learned from her that the veteran General of whom incidental mention has already been made, is in the habit of marking his own linen. At this she expressed herself gratified, and, having made several minute inquiries of the washerwoman respecting the locality and the facilities offered by it for drying clothes, took her leave, saying that she would call again.

Next morning, when the washerwoman ascended to the roof of the tenement, where the clothes-lines were arranged, such desolation seized her at what she there beheld that her hair, which was naturally very tightly crisped up into little knobs, became perfectly straight with terror, and stuck out from her head in every direction, like rags. All the garments belonging to the General—there were twenty-six pieces—bore the marks of the destroyer. An oblong aperture in the skirt of each of the shirts revealed the fact that the portion containing the signature of the proprietor had been carefully cut out with a scissors. The marked corners of the pocket-handkerchiefs had been skillfully removed with a diagonal cut, thus destroying the symmetry of the articles and curtailing their available space. In fact there would have been some difficulty in identifying any of the pieces but for their size, which may be described as rather above the maximum.

The poor woman, actuated by frenzy, ran to the nearest police station and reported her case, upon which Detective Weazel was detailed to work it up; nor was it long before his suspicions fell upon Mrs. B., who was at once arrested by him. One of the female officers of the court was directed to search the prisoner, upon whose person were discovered, cunningly interwoven with her hoops, a rope-ladder and a complete set of burglar's tools. The skirt itself was ingeniously contrived to be convertible into an air-balloon, and every thing about the wearer denoted the old and hardened offender.

After hearing all the evidence at present adducible, the Police Magistrate remanded the prisoner pending the appearance of the General, whose present state of health, we much regret to hear, will not allow him to move about much. The prisoner did not display the slightest remorse, but, on leaving the court, laughingly asked the magistrate for his autograph and *carte-de-visite*, holding out her own for exchange. It is needless to state that the request was immediately complied with, owing to the high position of the lady in society.

THE REBEL HORSE.

There is a deeper meaning in the following than strikes the mind at first. It is taken from a Southern paper:

"Some mean thief has stolen President Davis's horse. At this juncture, such an act is nothing less than fiendish."

Our special watcher of affairs at Richmond says he knows who stole Jeff Davis's horse, but does not think it expedient, at present, to reveal the name of that person, who has a large family to support, and is respectable—for a rebel. Great ingenuity was displayed in the manner of abstracting the horse, which was so highly valued—owing to particular circumstances—by its owner, that he would not trust it to the care of his half-starved negro groom, but took it away, some short time since, from the stable, and kept it in his bedchamber. The fact is, that the animal was beginning to lose flesh, owing to the scarcity of fodder. Melancholy had marked it for her own, by putting a spavin upon its off hock, a ringbone round each fore-fetlock, and that strange wild music attributed to horses by the cheery veterinarian, namely, thrushes in the hoof and warbles on the back. The creature was not altogether free from thoroughpin, nor were the elbows of its hinder legs entirely destitute of the excrescential appendages known as curbs. It was blind of both eyes, and seldom, if ever, has a nobler animal than the steed of Jeff Davis been afflicted with a worse accession of broken wind. Bronchial troches were fondly mixed with its oats for a while; but first the troches failed, then the oats, and then the horse. It went from bad to worse, threw out splints on every part of the forelegs where splints have by the cheery veterenarian been observed to reveal, hobbled about with a string-halt, and exhibited a decided tendency to sand-cracks. By and by its coffin-joint—ominous nomenclature!—gave way, and, casting its hoofs, it wrought no longer a hope in the bosom of its shoemaker. At last came symptoms of that fell hippocide, Glanders: the noble steed could run no longer, though its eyes and nose could, and then went forth the stern *fiat* from Jefferson Davis, *soi-disant* President of the Bogus Confederacy: "Kill bay Scurry in the field to-morrow—saddle him no more, but salt him at once." And even after death the noble courser of a hundred skedaddles, salted and pickled, and consigned to the briny cask, was honored and valued by his master, for beef was nowhere, and bacon fifteen dollars a pound, and rusty at that. Then the Rebel Chief took it into the bosom of his family, and the Rebel Thief—Floyd, perhaps—took it out of that.

Such be the last end and catastrophe of the Rebel Horse!

A FEW STANZAS.

(AFTER MOORE.)

WRITTEN IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, AND DEDICATED TO THE PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB OPPOSITE.

I knew by the venom that freely distilled
From their lips, that a "Copperhead" council was near,
And I said: "If a snake that deserves to be killed,
In the wide world exists, he exists about here!"

'Twas night, and the loafers were crowded around;
With his quid in his cheek stood each beetle-browed "Rough;"
'Mid the squirting tobacco I heard not a sound
Save a voice spouting treason—but this was enough!

And, "here, in the face of that shrine," I exclaimed:
"On whose altar the pure light of Liberty dawned,
The compact of Freemen in thunders proclaimed,
By a Reed's puny pipings is flouted and scorned!"

"In the shade of yon belfry, whose arches once thrilled
With a pæan of triumph o'er tyranny's woes,
When with patriot names our great charter was filled—
Now, his birthright an Ingersoll-Esau foregoes!

"From those Halls, where, majestic, impartial, serene,
Sate his sires, in the pure robes of justice arrayed,
Comes a Wharton, erect and unblushing of mien,
To tender foul wrong and rebellion his aid!

"If freedom from Poland in anguish withdrew,
When at Warsaw her bravest defender was slain,
Say, how shall we hope her bright reign to renew,
When the sons of her travail deny her again?

"Ah! how blest had we been, if, while Liberty slept
The calm sleep that to peace comes so deep, after feud,
To her star-lit repose had no "Copperhead" crept
And spawned in her bosom its treacherous brood!"

U. S. N.

A Gin Sling.

Our late advices from Shanghai inform us that a Mr. Hollands has been appointed to the command of the contingent formerly led by the late General Ward.

This must be cheerful for John Chinaman. If anything can infuse spirit into his army, we should say that Hollands would do it.

Utility of Ladies' Dogs.

Mr. Barnum advertises that "the ladies' dogs drew a big house" at his Museum on Thursday last. When we add that the little animals did this without any harness, it will be acknowledged that they are useful as well as ornamental.

Our National Fast.—Young America generally.